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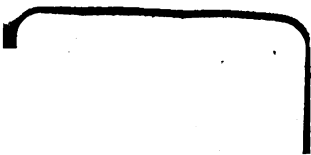
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DAWN TO EVE

JULIUS WICKHAM GREENWOOD



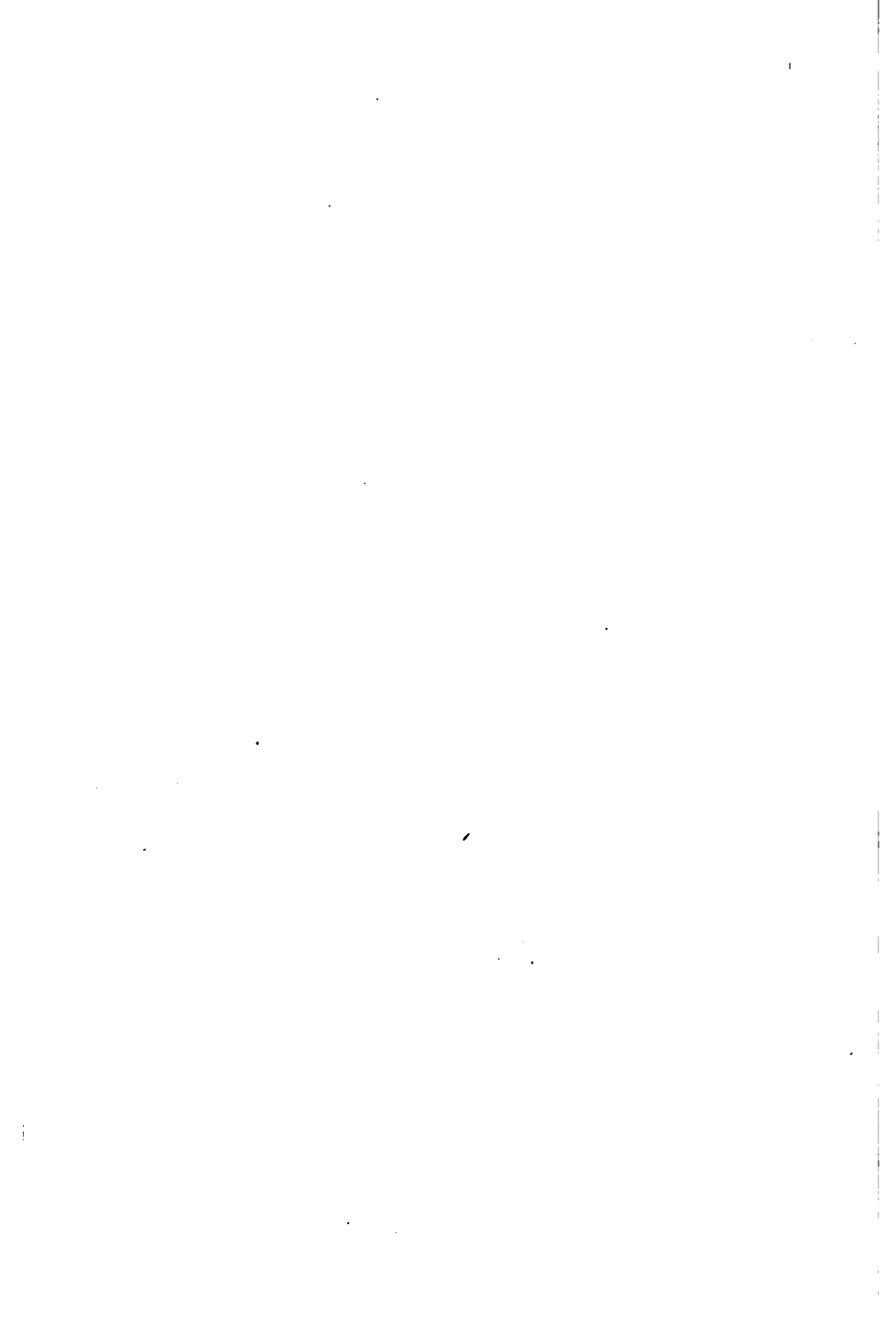
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FROM DAWN TO EVE

BY

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JULIA WICKHAM GREENWOOD



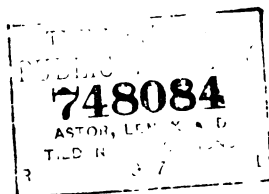
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ASTOR
LENOX
& TILDEN

The Gorham Press, Boston, U.S.A.

TO THOSE I LOVE

TO THOSE I LOVE

★ PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY.

NOTES

PRELUDE

*This slender sheaf of verse,
Gleaned from Time's sickle,
My dreams and hopes rehearse
In large and little.*

*It tells of many a tear,
Of many a sigh,
Of many a tender fear,
Many attempts to fly:*

*With sudden smiles it takes
Vengeance on melancholy,
Admitting love's mistakes
Are but a heavenly folly!*

*Yes, love's mistakes, what though
They drift, they fail, they fall,
Still come (do we not know?)
From Heaven, after all!*



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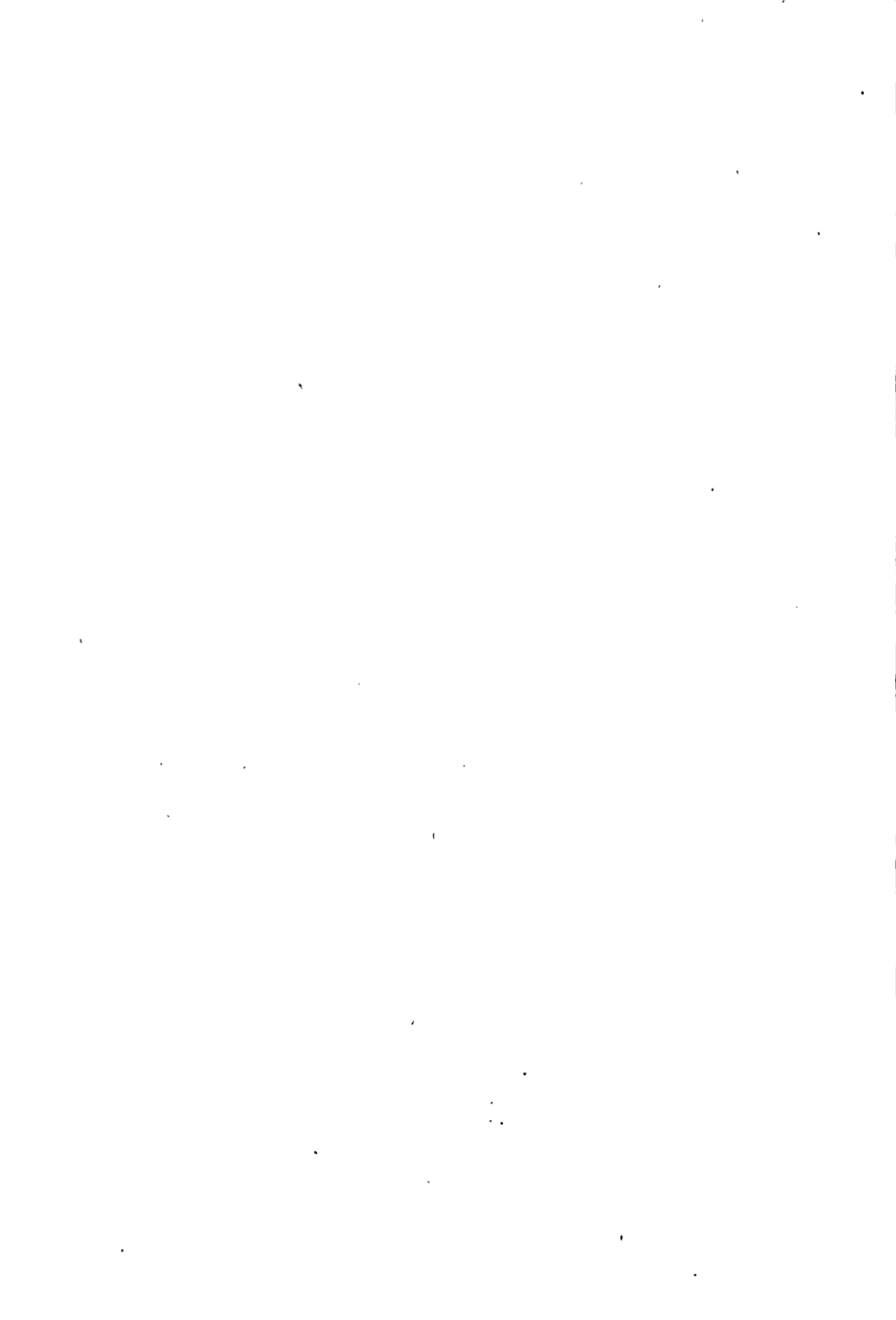
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DAWN



DAWN

WHAT tall, pure lilies! Ships, like white-winged
dreams,
Are floating—whither? How the ocean gleams
Far down below my garden; skimming by
O'er land and water, filmy shadows fly,
Their airy feet walk on the mountain heights
And tread the golden mists and rosy lights;
The mountains glimmer, spiritually fair,
Like visions melting in the upper air.

When the young morning, lit with summer flame,
Across the azure silence sparkling came
And gently touched my eyes, I scarce could
dream

She wakened somewhere to the piercing scream
Of hurtling shells, and that the blinding glare
Of battle blazed about her dawning, there.

What has she seen? who comes with buds and
scents,

Binding her shining locks with dewy filaments.

What has she seen? What has she touched and
heard

Beside the flower, the stream, the awakening
bird?

The burning crops, the broken cities thrown
In rubbish heaps of rotten flesh and stone,
The weltering nations,—life destroying life—
To the earth's ends, Earth's carrion fields of
 strife,
In a world cyclone the world fabric caught,
Time's golden gains to bloody refuse brought.

And yet this Psyche-morning, child of light,
Risen from the womb of the despairing night,
Has filled my soul with hope; where dying men
Hailed her she passed and brought them glory;
 when

She flew her rosy pennants from the masts
Of the tall ships and shot across the vasts
Of wave and ether, then the great release
Seemed near and she Heaven's messenger of
 Peace.

A POET TO HIS BOOK

My Book!

Behold the lettering—neat and fair,
Prim and in order—seems aware
That it exhales a beauty rare,

Like Madam's dainty garments when

She comes to town:—

Each word moves with a perfect grace,
Each has a loveliness of face,
Like ribbons in a vital place,

They take the eye—and then
I turn the leaves with joy and find
The dear devices of my mind

Are all set down

In the clear print, like jewels bright
Or mellow laces, foaming light
On my love's gown.

Like honey, golden in the sun,
The liquid lyrics laugh and run,
Their happiness seems just begun,

Careless and gay;

Yet pearls that slowly grew for years
Within my heart and washed by tears
Are they.

My book!
Its fragile binding is to me
An emblem of eternity!
I find a whole infinity
 Between the leaves and the white page
 With stars seems strewn,
No longer comet-wanderers driven
Through space, from nebulous Heavens riven,
 To stray alone from age to age,
But in their constellations given
 Rhythm and tune.
My songs—like infants brought to birth
In Heaven's own country, then to Earth
 Suddenly sent—
Had wandered o'er her rugged ways
Without or sympathy or praise
 Where e'er they went.

Like friends who from my soul were torn,
Like my old friends whose loss I mourn,
Like friends, who suddenly return,
 The dear songs look:
From your sweet pages forth they start,
My love, my child, core of my heart,
 My Book!

TO AN HOUR

Go not away,
Ah, longer stay,
 Sweet hour,
Or, if that may not be,
Grant then thy memory
 For my sole dower!
A moment's sway
Of ecstasy
 Like this,
Repays in worth
All that's on earth
 Amiss!
Canst thou not stay?
Then haste away
 Till Time enfolds thee,
He will declare
Thee grown more fair
 When he beholds thee!

THE YOUNG MAID'S SONG

I HAVE a garden, fair
In shade and sun,
I may not take you there—
Or any one,
The flowers would fade with shame
If other mortals came,
The birds are wild and shy,
Hiding when men are nigh.

Yet here I love to stay
And tend my flowers,
Sing with the birds and play
For hours and hours,
I feel the immortals pass,
Swiftly, above the grass,
I hie from paths of man
And hark the pipes of Pan.

Here I must come alone
For none may be
Into this fairy zone
Wafted with me,
Outside the mystic gates
I think a lover waits,
Outside the world goes by,
Lost to the world am I.

WELL-DOERS

ONE poured his whole soul's treasure,
Without or stint or measure,
Before a pagan shrine,
Mistaken for divine;
He built, he sacrificed, early and late,
Unto the hidden God, whose presence was not
proved:

Dost think that he did ill?
One worked with no tool lent,
Without encouragement;
One loved with small concern
What others would return;
One sang, nor stopped to wait
The world's applause—to sing was what he
loved:

Dost think that these did ill?
Nay, friend, it seems to me
It matters not what the reward will be,
That—if we do but spend
Our strength until the end—
God will be with us still.

MY CITY GARDEN

You are my drooping violet,
Who hid from me, who did not dare
To raise your eyes, but only breathed
To let me know that you were there.

You are the lily of my dreams—
Aye, lily pure you sure must be—
Cool to the touch as lily leaves
I feel your smooth hands touching me.

You are my stately, royal rose,
But, oh, just now your cheek was wet
With tears, beloved, with tender tears,
When in the deep of eve we met.

You are the garden of my thoughts,
Where every bud that comes to birth
Has sap of blood and spirit dew,
Is fairer than the flowers of earth.

The toil, the dust, the heat are gone,
The carrion city disappears!
I feel your gentle hands again,
I breathe your breath, I drink your tears.

AN ILLUSION

HER fair young skin was smooth as silk
and delicately fine,
Her cheek was like a milk-white rose through
which faint flushes shine,
Her form was light and slender, she walked
as if she sang,
The happy curls upon her head laughed
while they danced and sprang,
And, as she tripped beside me, her delicious
voice I heard
As clear and gay and cheerful as the twit-
tering of a bird;
She raised her sweet, soft eyes to mine, I saw
that they could send
A glance so gentle and so warm, it claimed
me as a friend:
She charmed the path before me, and all the
air seemed sweet,
As if the scent of blossoming fields was drift-
ing down the street.
While I felt her little fingers lightly clinging
to my arm
I was her knight, and glad to die to keep
her safe from harm!

I forgot that it was raining, that the air
was sharp and cold,
That my heart had long been lonely and
that I was growing old:
I forgot, just for a moment, for as she
walked with me
I went as one enchanted, in a happy reverie:
The winter changed to summer and the sun-
shine round me played,
And I turned my footsteps homeward while
still with me she stayed,
But when I reached my dwelling she left me
at the door,
And I entered colder, sadder and more lonely
than before.

THE LISTENER IN "CHILDREN'S STREET"

A CHILD was born in Summer-land,—
With Hope and Love on either hand,
In a winged castle of the air,—
Sweet thoughts, fair dreams were masters
there.

And I—from torturing grief set free—
Felt her rich beauty calling me!
I heard the music of her feet
Playing in "Little Children's Street."

A dweller in the House of Pain—
With timid, faltering steps, I came—
Hearing her lyric laughter rise,
Losing it, as it neared the skies.

The song of many dancing feet
Goes up to God from "Children's Street,"
And He bids aching hearts draw near
That in His pleasure they may share.

No shadow of the lengthening day
Fell on the radiant child at play;
The girl was sunshine's twin, the place
Where Heaven touches Earth—her face.

And now, what though I pass again
Into the darkened House of Pain,
I still shall hear her laughter rise,
Remember Heaven in her eyes.

THE ONLY WAY

*"A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend,
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get toward the end."*

—H. Belloc.

HE who cannot find a thing that is lost,
Or a thing that is broken mend,
I am very sure he will be alone
When he cometh toward his end;
And of all sad things that raise in the heart
A mute, unutterable moan,
The saddest of all sad things, I trow,
Is to come to your end alone.

For what is the life of each of us—
Of lover, or husband, or friend,
But a constant search for the things we have
lost,
And of care with the things which we mend?
And what would my life be worth to me,
Or, my Beloved, to you,
If I had not searched for the things I had
lost,—
Or tried to make old things new?

Ah, life is made up of the things we have lost,
And which we have found again,
And Love and Faith renew themselves
At the touch of the angel of Pain;
Many a fragile thing is cracked
From which I would never part,
And the broken thing which I mend and love
I keep it to hold my heart.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

WHAT of the night?

Silent, between the bolts that fall—
As shrieking flames break through her wall—
The night lies frozen, stark and black,
The smoke streams in a gloomy rack,
A fierce despair hangs over all!

The night is a thing accursed!

What of the night?

Skies of Hell, the shrapnel shock,
The blood-red air, the flying rock,
The things that burst—and then
The broken flesh and bones of men!
The ringing ears, the flashing pain,
The twisted torture, the maddened brain,
The breath that sobs with raging thirst—
The shout, the crash as more shells burst,
Then—slow, dim hours and sinking earth.
What is life and what is it worth?

The night is a thing accursed!

What of my love?

Of him—so stalwart and so strong—
Whose glance was fire, whose voice was song,
Whose smile a halo for my head?

My soul shook did he touch my gown,
Did he but speak my heart knelt down
To hear the words he said.

What of my love?

What of my love?

At the Pit's edge—where all things die—
Hope and joy and earth and sky,
Where golden dawns flare up in vain
Upon the pallid leagues of pain,
Where only hate and love remain,—
They hold the desperate battle line:
Does he lie there among the slain,
If he be dead, this love of mine,

Then love is a thing accursed!

What of my love?

What of the night? What of the day?
What of all love? Ah, Jesu, say
Were ever women tortured so?
Nay—ages have no wrong to show
Like this! O Christ! appeal again
To God above,
Lest men say Thou hast died in vain,
Lest men deny that God is love!

And life be a thing accursed!

MY BOY

He was so young,
My boy his country called upon to die,
He was so gay,
The joy of childhood still shone in his eye
And from his lips the golden laughter rung
From golden morn to golden set of day,
He was so young!

He was so strong
That he made all our burdens his at length,
He was so kind
That nothing seemed a trouble to his strength,
For happiness grew in his heart like song
And hopes sprang up like flowers in his mind,
He was so strong!

He was so fair,
Sad hearts were comforted, seeing his face,
His glance was warm
As sudden summer in a frozen place,
The darkest hour grew bright if he were there,
His smile, like sunshine, put to flight the storm,
He was so fair!

He was so brave,
I watched him when the regiment marched past,

As he went by
The sun grew dark for ever and a blast
Of winter struck me from his distant grave;
My boy whose country called on him to die,
Who was so brave!

REPLY TO THE "SONG OF HATE"

IF French and Russian matter not,
If you love them not and hate them not,
Giving blow for blow and shot for shot,
And sing to England your song of hate,
Look to the Weichsel and Vosges' gate!
The strength of hate is the strength of Hell,
By pride and hatred Lucifer fell! [all,
You are known to us all, you are known to us
You crouch behind a dark red flood
Of envy, of rage, of craft, of gall,
The waves of your hate are thicker than blood,
Germany!

Come, let us stand at the Judgment place,
England and Germany, face to face,
We will swear to an oath that no winds can
shake,
An oath for our sons and their sons to take:
Come hear the word, repeat the word,
Through Earth, through Heaven let it be
heard:

We will ever defy your hate,
We hate your hate, we scorn your hate,
Risen against you we stand as one
Till your might is broken, your hate undone,
Germany!

In the Captain's mess, in the banquet hall,
E'er we take the field, for a toast I call!—
Let true men pledge it, one and all,—
To "The day" when the allies wait
At the gates of the land of hate!
To "The day" when they stem the flood
Of rank destruction and streaming blood,
To "The day" of the world's release,
To "The day" when you sue for Peace,
Germany!

Take you the liars of Earth in pay,
With bars of gold your ramparts lay,
Hide in the ocean and, blow on blow
Strike at the world, as you war below:
If French and Russian matter not,
Giving blow for blow and shot for shot,
If you hate us yet with a lasting hate,
Though you never forego your hate,
Hate by water and hate by land,
Hate of the head and hate of the hand,
Hate of the hammer and hate of the crown,
Hate that your millions have all choked down,
We stand against it, we stand as one,
Till your pride is broken, your hate undone
Germany!

THE FOE*

You bloody nation, steeped in murder slime
As hogs are steeped in filth! Minotaur race!
The world is sick with loathing and her cup
Brims with your hot, reeking iniquities.
Are men but cattle, for your gorging slain,
That you have made the sphere your slaughter
house?

Is there a land which Earth's sad homes may
seek

And find them safe from your devouring jaws?
The cities of the strong are crumbling down
And the gaunt wilderness cries to mankind:
"I cannot hide you!" Everywhere is death;—
The very winds of Heaven poison men—
There are no seas on which you do not strike—
No lives too innocent for you to take;—
Nothing is sacred? Not God's temples—not
His little children,—not a solemn pledge—
Nothing that men possess—nothing they love.
You crush and crush, and—like a primal force
Whirled up ere cosmos from the yawning gulfs
Of time and chaos—wreck the centuries.
The nations of the Earth were unprepared,
Could they conceive that, in this shining day,—

* Written just after the sinking of the Lusitania.

When man's triumphant mind raced with the
sun

To bring to light the wonders of the Heavens—
This day, when science wrought of air and
space

Wings and a voice circling the vasty globe—
Could they conceive that you would ride the
waves

Of the pure ether to your murder trysts?—
The waves invisible man taught to bear
His messages across the perilous deep
That so might life be saved—could men believe
That these would pinion doom? Could they
conceive [a power

That *you*—who taught the world—possessed
Of vast construction and a teeming brain
Of wonderful, complex machinery—
Forgetful of your poets, dreamers, seers—
Led by the Hohenzollern,—would become
The butcher of the nations? Could they
dream—

While human love and human mercy strove
To better all the future of the race—
You would, anon, be footpad to the world,
Crouching—a fierce and hideous criminal—
Clutching at all with your foul streaming
hands,

Springing at purses and at throats of men?
Men could not so conceive, therefore, behold,
The peoples of the Earth were unprepared.
The peoples of the Earth have seen your deeds,
They gather up their forces and collect
Their yet ungarnered strength to meet your
strength,

To quell the riot of your monster limbs,
To halt your bloody stride across the globe.
In every soul a voice cries out: "Resist!"
The broken hearts of women sob: "Resist!"
And the warm blood of children, as it streams,
Shrieks to their fathers from the soaking earth.
O'er the wild seas the moaning of the drowned
Sweeps till the wind becomes articulate.
The roaring of the flames goes up to Heaven
In deafening tempest. Shall not men resist?
When the sweet face of nature is restored
By healing years, your scarlet infamies
Laid in the grave; when none are left on Earth
Who shed their tears or blood; still will the
Earth

Be branded with your shame. Where you have
stamped

Your iron heels the works of Man and Time—
Grown beautiful together—have gone down
To drift, like desert dust, before the winds.

Genius of man can not bring back these works,
Or God's high hand return them to our race,
For they belong to other days than ours:—
Then men traced out the glory of their dreams
In stone and marble; day by day they toiled,
And year by year, as son from father caught
The inspiration:—mighty thoughts that soared
Upward—until the glorious vision stood
Triumphant, tangible, world wonderful!
The lands are waste, the cities, too, are waste,
The fanes, the temples and the palaces.
Genius of man can not bring back these works,
Or God's high hand restore them to the race!
Man shrivels on the Earth!

Heaven lend him strength
To hold the destroyer and to wrest from him
His weapons and to fling them down in scorn
Among forbidden things, in scorn and rage
And hate unutterable;—to build new laws
On justice and on kindness to all men.
The tree of knowledge is a wondrous growth,
But not for all men's use, as Adam learned.
Knowledge of Evil is the motor-power
Of German strength, knowledge of sciences
By which they may tear down, usurp, possess:
They know no law but force, a naked force,

Their utmost force, unchecked and uncontrolled:—

It is as if the wild beasts of the Earth
Developed reason yet remained wild beasts.
Nations of Earth, unite, save, save yourselves,
Unite, unite against the ghastly foe!
Behold! his many millions march; he drags
Subservient allies at his thunder-wheels.
His poisonous vapours—like the breath of
Hell—

Sweep down our armies, in the fields of death,
In writhing tortures never faced before.
Resist him! Fling him back from whence he
came;

Free the brave, martyr-nation he has bound
And bind him with like thongs; divide his state,
Cut it in little pieces; never more
Accept his menace to the human race!
Then, in the days to come, the stars may look
On holy nights again, on sleeping homes,
On solemn fields wrapped in sweet silences:
And then the sun may rise on happiness
Instead of violent death, and women look
About them and be glad, and smile once more
Because the world is fair and they are loved,
Because love is no longer—agony.
Nations of Earth, resist to the last man!

Has not this people stormed all liberties?
The world shook yesterday when Paris shook,
Shall she not save the city that she loves?
When shall the foe bestride the narrow seas
And march on London? When shall Venice
sink

Beneath her azure floor? When shall they tear
The Eternal city down? I ask all men?
Oh, subtle, strange and world-presumptuous
ones—

Who claim that wrath of God brothers your
hate—

You worship a strange God! one who bends
down

And lends his back to meet your vaulting will,
We know him not! *God* does not Captain you!
The stars sweep in their courses, orderly,
The world will roll far from these hours of
death

Into new life, be beautiful again.

The race of man will live in clearer days

A better life, a stronger race than ours.

Although your deeds darken the Earth
awhile—

Even as the sun is darkened by the Eclipse;—
Yet evil is predoomed, while truth and right
Are seeds that God sows in Eternity.

TRUTH

WHEN the brave hopes of youth at last lie dead,
When love has cheated us, we cry instead
For Truth, we stretch our hands toward the
God—

Naked, austere, sublime, with lightning shod.
Lo! while we strain our eyes there swims in
sight

A form chaotic, rushing like the night
Of an eclipse, vast, terrible, uncouth!
And with cold lips we whisper: "This is
Truth."

THE FAILURE

It seemed to him that he had worked so hard
without success,
And loved so much, yet had no power to bless,
He sometimes felt discouraged for a day,
His step grew weak along the unfriendly way;
But then he plucked up courage for he knew
That work is glorious, love is glorious, too;
Obscure, unloved, he laid him down at length,
Glad to have used his soul and used his strength.

TIME TO MAN

OH, Toiler! working ever to build the world
to be,
Sad servant of To-morrow, what guerdon shall
you see?
Why do you still endeavor? you sow but I must
reap,
Your fairest inspiration I have no power to
keep.
Eternity is aimless, through countless eons
driven
The starry hosts are tracing the open paths
of Heaven.
What though your heart be weary, the lash still
drives you on,
While all the ages lengthen your helpless sense
of wrong:
Cease toiling, life-bound mortal! labour no
more in vain,
Time calls on you and bids you rest, in pity of
your pain.

Man's Answer

My span is but a moment, my life is but a
breath

Drawn in the astonished waking between the
death and death:

Enough—my mind is powerful to speed more
swift and far

And through sublimer heavens than the most
glorious star:

Time, do you bid me waste my hour of life at
your decree?

For this brief hour the world is mine—and *you*
shall work for me!

THE CHILDREN

WE have all been happy, we, the mothers
Who have held our children on our knees;
We were blessed, ah! blessed beyond all others,
Glorified and consecrated, set apart
For the holiest raptures of the heart.

Oh! our children have a beauty rarer
Than the beauty of the blossoming trees,
Fair are flowers and sunshine, *they* are fairer,
Hark the music of their voices! To our own
Feel the hearts of children nestling come.

Would that we could hold them in our keeping
Safe and good, in happiness and ease,
Would—but can you hear the mothers weep-
ing?

“In the morning they were ours, they might
not roam—

But the evening finds the children far from
home.”

A B C

THE task that you have set me
Lies heavy on my heart,
I try to learn my lesson,
To understand in part,
But I am like a little child
Learning the a b c,
And many of these curious signs
Seem strange and hard to me.
I have my favorite letters
Which I have learned indeed
Because they are so simple
That any dunce may read:
L stands for love and F for faith
And T for trust and truth
And J for joy and H for hope
And Y it stands for youth;
But now come some that when I see
I never recognize;
There's W for instance,
'Tis hard and stands for wise;
And here are stranger letters still
You wish me to begin,
P stands for pain and S for shame
For sorrow and for sin.

I want to know my lesson,
I tried to learn my task,
(For I have always striven to do
Whatever you might ask :)
'Twas just in fun when I began
My letters ; now indeed
I'm like a weary child, and weep
That I must learn to read.

CHRISTMAS WISHES

ALL the cruel things,
All the useless things,
That grip and hold and trip us on our way,
That soil our joys for us,
And spoil our lives for us,
And take our hopes from us,
And break our hearts for us,
It does no harm that friends may wish them
far from us,
And that the gates of hope may stand ajar
for us,
On Christmas day.

All the happiness,
All the joys that bless—
Which, when one grasps them, seem to slip
away—
May they come soon to you,
And stay and live with you,
And bring the best to you,
And cling and rest with you!
It is no harm that friends may wish these near
to you,
May wish good will befall all who are dear to
you,
On Christmas day.

UNISON

BETWEEN my little babe and me
There is established so much love,
So deep the source whence its springs move—
If any sought those depths to prove—
No gage, no measure could there be;
But warm and close my heart lies spanned,
So great, yet held in his wee hand.

He smiles at me, I smile at him,
And he puts out his dimpled arm
And pats my face,—Oh, healing balm
For any wound, for any harm!
Within a halo our smiles swim:—
And soft and rosy flushed he lies
And loves me with his starry eyes.

The happiest babe alive is he,
His gladness seems too pure for earth,
And all the sources of his mirth
In unknown lands have had their birth,
And yet—he gives it all to me,
I take and give it back anew,
Such love there is betwixt us too.

THE POET'S CHILD

Oh! Heavenly being, with glad eyes
Radiant and pure, in sweet surprise
You look on all that round you lies,
My baby dear!

My little bird!

When my voice drops will your voice rise—
Mellow, and floating to the skies—
When my song falls, when my song dies?

Oh! child, sing grandly, stir the crowd
To noble rapture, chant aloud
Until the sons of men are proud,
Child of my heart
Reveal your soul!

As breaks the sunshine through a cloud
Your golden song will pierce my shroud,
Your song, with all my love endowed.

THE SILENT CHILD

THE little tongue that does not speak,
The little ears that do not hear,
The tiny, confidential hand
Which grasps my own, to draw me near.

I gather you within my arms,
My heart is sick! yet it may be
That, with your cheek against my cheek,
Your tender form will comfort me.

Those cloudless eyes, so pure and soft,
Can I look in them and despair,
When so much gentle happiness
And innocence are shining there?

No prattle sounds within the house—
Though wandering through the house you
play—
There is no childish laughter here;
The shadows dim the light of day.

Last night I seemed to wake from sleep,—
The silence gripped and held me fast—
Then—through the night, across the dark—
I dreamed I heard you speak—at last!

A voice came, faint, uncertainly,
In lisping accents, sweet and low,
Far off, yet near, it seemed to be,
It was your little voice I know!

It waked me, and within the room
The silence pressed upon my pain,
I had to rise and go to you
To hear if you would speak again!

I leaned above the shadowy bed,
Where peacefully you lay and slept,
And the long night I stayed with you,
I watched by you and wept.

MY CHILDREN

I CANNOT strengthen them with my strength—

My hopes are dragged by fears—

How shall I save them from sorrowing?

How shield them through the years?

They beg of me for sweets, for toys,

They cluster round my knee,

Their eyes are bright as stars at night,

Watching me earnestly.

Till sometimes, choked with bitter thoughts

Ungentle—harsh with pain—

I fling them rough and hasty words,

Which they fling back again.

Yet, in a breaking anguish broods

My weary heart and bleeds

To think how little I can give

When they have larger needs.

So I chide them, through wretchedness,

Am angry—save with one—

For only gentle words I give

My little, youngest son.

For he has tender, tender ways

Of being good to me;

I gaze into his loving eyes
Till mine no longer see.

I look into his heaven-sweet eyes
Till mine with tears are dim,
Then my forebodings melt in peace
And praise to God for him.

THE GREAT LOVER

In Joy

LOVER of all the world am I,
Of the good brown earth and the far blue sky,
Of the swart, rough earth that gives generously
Of the lusty earth that gives palpably,
Of the far, pure Heaven that showers suddenly,—
Silent as radium, invisibly—
The soul of God on the Universe;
This heart of mine—like a babe at nurse—
Draws all the currents hungrily:
Lover of all and babe am I,
Fed by the earth and blessed by the sky.

From Unrest to Rest

The city's gaze has no dear ways—
Like a girl in my arms held tight—
But a brazen hussy she struts and sways,
As a brazen baggage she kisses and plays
In the glare of electric light:
Oh, my vexed thoughts shall arise and flee
Through the solitudes of the night,
Till the strong soul of the great, great sea
In one vast billow sweeps over me,

While the swift stars swing silently
Through the high skies of the night.

From the Beginning to the End

The cruel rods that lashed me had not sprouted
Or spread in flower about,—
There were so many things which I had doubted
While others did not doubt.
Because His spirit could not reach me, waking,
It caught me in my sleep
Like the clean wind, it searched me, washed me,
 breaking
Swiftly, out of the deep;
Then, something in me I did not discover
Beneath the heavy rods,
Was satisfied, the soul of the great lover,
My soul, alone with God's.

THE SONG-CHILD

BRIGHT is the sun on the meadow,
Light is the sail on the sea,
Glad as the birds that wing thro' the air
The thoughts that awake in me.

Joy of the green springtide they chant,
Promise of leaf and flower,
Beauty and wonder that burst into bloom
From hour to infinite hour.

Thick are the buds on the lily,
New-born the lambs in the grass,
Sweet, shrill voices amid the leaves
Twitter and trill as I pass.

They seem to sing of a child of mine,
Who will live and take a part
In the joy of the world, in the love of the
world,
The song-child of my heart.

THE POOR CHILD

I READ a poem of Rupert Brook's—it was
About a tiny coffin for a child
Borne by archangels, and he wondered how
God could have bidden a child turn from the
light

To be shut up within that lonely shell—
And suddenly the thought came back to me
Of a child's face this evening in the street:—
We stopped and bought papers from two small
boys

Who seemed like great companions, little chaps,
And later, passed a tiny, tiny boy—
With large, sad eyes and features delicate
And sweet and plaintive—six years old, per-
haps,

No more than six years old!—
Yet sometimes children of the poor are small
Because they always have lacked many
things:—

I saw the child, I glanced at him and then
I think he spoke, I think he meant to beg
A little alms of me;—he was sent out
To beg, no doubt—helpless and small and sad;
A child and sad! a child sent out to beg!
I gave him nothing! I scarce thought of him—

We hurried with the crowd that thronged the
street—

I who have little children of my own,
At school in England, little sons of mine!
But when I read the poem of the child's
Small, dingy coffin borne by archangels
The face of that poor child that would have
begged

Of me but that I passed him, flashed so swift
Before my eyes it stabbed me to the heart
More cruelly than this world-war of ours.

New York, Dec. 2nd, 1915.

A GARDEN SONG

WHAT shall I sing to-day?
Fain would I sing,
Yet my voice dies away—
More garlands bring,
Yes, bring the heaped up perfume of the rose
And in my verse a garden I'll disclose.

What shall I sing? the birds
Pipe without choice,
They need no help of words
When they rejoice;
And yet sweet words are sweeter than the song
Which swells the throats of all the feathered
throng.

How can I hope to write
Of all the flowers
That sparkle in the light
Of fresh spring hours?
See, every little bud is closely set
With beads of dew spread like a crystal net.

The yellow butterflies
Keep drifting past,
Against the blue they rise

And circle fast,
Then softly fall, a palpitating shower,
A golden mist that floats from flower to flower.

To write the histories
Of this green ground,
Of birds and laden bees,
Of scent and sound,
Would make the pen to sing, the page to bloom
With faint heard warblings and with rich perfume.

To tell the pleasant ways
The young leaves grow
And perfectly to praise
All sweets that blow
Would take as many words and many pages
As all the bards have traced through all the
ages.

But here's my baby girl,
With apple cheeks
And many a flying curl;—
With frolic freaks
She breaks into the middle of my song
And quickly ends it e'er it grows too long.

A QUESTION

OF Earth's sweet pictures, her renewing beauty—

When she has hidden her loveliest away—
Of all the flowers that only blossom fairer
Because of other fair things that decay—
Is any human life the counterpart—
With all its lavish blossoms of the heart?

The joys we lose, ah, where shall we revive them—

The hopes that bud to wither on the vine?
Are our dreams led to glorious culmination
While we are swept to absolute decline?
Are our souls fanes of everlasting day,
Yet our works dust on the unending way?

The grand old ocean is Earth's floating garment—

To grace her ruthless will, to hide her slain,
Our burning hearts are candles in her guest-halls,

Our crumbling empires do but wax and wane;
The will of man must vanish in the past,
The will of God—shall it be known, at last?

SECRETS

WE do not know the secrets of the forest,
Of those slight echoes woodland breezes bear,
Dying, we feel, in sounds—too faint for hearing—

Which only palpitate the quiet air.
The fresh sap is rising in the branches,
The roots are striking deeper in the earth,
We cannot see the workers, the life builders,
Or know the eternal mysteries at their birth:
The new leaves are swelling and unfolding,
The young spring is budding in the dew;—
While new love is trembling and awaking,
The old love is weeping for the new.—
Ah, who shall hear the song-bird's sweetest
rapture?

Ah, who shall see the fairest flowerlets blow?
And, oh, what thoughts lie deep beyond revealing;

What joys we dreamed of but will never
know!
The vanished hope, remembered, is the sweetest,
The good intentions, unfulfilled, the best;
The lost love, that never blessed, the dearest,
The hearts most weary furthest from their
rest.

Oh, listen, listen in the secret forest,
For those faint sounds the woodland breezes
bring—
Where the leaves tremble and the green is
thickest
The shy bird waits till you have gone to
sing.

THE SWORD.*

SPEAK! Sword of war, sing to the wind,
Go tell the world and those who fear thy
might
Thou art not all unkind, cruel and blind;
Out of the darkness thou shalt bring the
light.

Men who must fight know they are men,
Women who pray, women who wait,
Learn to be women then, strength groweth when
Love makes its gift perforce to fate.

Envy and Hate, can it be said
For you the nations sacrifice their brave?
We all must earn our bread, where lie the dead
There the grain springeth, hard won, from
the grave.

We dare not save the blood that flows
As, one by one, each nation buys its place,
And so, through countless woes, forever foes,
The armies of the Earth stand face to face.

Measure the space, the final girth
Of races by their strength for sacrifice,

*Written after the South African War.

Each, from the hour of birth, must prove its
worth,

And so the greatest pays the highest price.

Could love entice the world to peace

How many heroes would have lived in vain!
Though joy may not increase nor sorrow
cease,

Men grow more noble who are schooled by
pain.

Then, Sword, again strike up thy song,

Two nations meet who do not fear thy might,
For one is brave and young, one tried and
strong;

Out of the darkness thou shalt bring the
light.

AFTER THE BATTLE

THE gliding twilight wandered
Across the heat of day
And hid the lifeblood squandered,
A broken battery keeping
Dim watch above the sleeping,
The darkness shut away,
There was no movement by the murmuring
tide;
Low cries of pain and sorrow
Were hushed before the morrow;
The sweet night spread oblivion far and wide.

A little breeze came flying
Across the silent land
And set the grasses sighing;—
The insects all were resting,
The tiny field birds nesting,
Peace breathed on every hand;
The stars had one by one been lit on high,
A slender voice seemed winging
Its way to Heaven and singing
Until some distant spirit reached the sky.

NATURE

I LIVE with nature for she spends
Her beauty far and wide, and she
Makes light the heart, makes glad the sight
Sweetens our sorrows, silently.

Oh, golden green! oh, fresh young showers!
You raise my soul to height on height,
Till, like a bird, it springs in air
And soars in rapid flight.

You bring me dreams, how woman soft!
You bring me thoughts, how poet strong!
The scent of earth, the dew of Heaven,
The rose's blood, the breath of song.

With all your glowing harmonies
You do my wondering eyes accost,
You sing to me and oh! your song
Brings back the love I lost!

THE AWAKENING

THROUGH our forest, through our grove,
Eros comes to chant of love;
All our flowers are blossoming,
All our nymphs are revelling,
Shy, wild things, that hid away,
Come out and sport in the full day.

Now the sap no longer sleeps,
But, a magic ichor leaps,
And the trees in these green hours
Are fairer than the fairest flowers,
Now new joys, new hopes arise
And beam within new lover's eyes.

Hark your pulse's whisperings!
List! the fluttering of wings
 Drawing near,
Now, upon a flood of song,
What young rapture sweeps along!
 He is here!

YOUTH'S QUESTION

With plumage of the Summer,
And wealth of living heat,
All glowing and triumphant
I pass, with rosy feet.

I skim the shining fields, and loud
I raise my happy din,
I speed my songs to the gates of Heaven
And the kind Gods let them in!

Men tell me that the winter
Will sear and gash the land,
And kill my birds and flowers and me,
But I cannot understand:

They say where palsied age shall creep
I may not come again
That I must die that he may bring
Sorrow and pain to men.

But, see, I am here! and Earth shines fair
To her utmost distant rim!
How can it be, being made for me,
She shall ever be given to him?

NEVER MORE

Is there no oblivion where the meadows
Raise their tranquil praises to the sky?
Where the happy grass and flowers whisper
Summer secrets as the bees brush by?

Let me lay my head amid the poppies,
I will rest, forgetful and at ease,
Lulled by summer sounds and summer beauty,
Soothed and sun-warmed, drowsy with the
breeze.

Oh! what useless thoughts, can I forget you
Lapped by nature? Dream dear dreams
again?

Never! though the sunny fields around me
Smile a myriad blossoms on my pain.

Never more! Ah, never! with the echo
Of the weary word my life is stale,
What is left to pray for? past hopes mock me,
Flowers of Eden, withered and grown pale.

Longing for you, as a dying warrior,—
Weary of his weakness—longs for rest
My strength fails me, and the words I utter
Flow like blood up-welling from my breast.

A FAREWELL

Oh, you who leave this heart of mine—
Not empty, but with narrower scope—
Take all my glowing pride of youth,
My confidence, my trust, my hope;
Take all I was, leave what remains,—
By patient pain, by grief unseen,
By fiery anguish—purified,
And take, too, what I might have been.
Leave me forever and forget
—At your own time, in your own way—
The golden mornings that were ours,
The nights still fairer than the day.
Oh, leave me but the widowed thoughts,
The memories, wonderful and sweet,
That travel up and down the roads
Where you and I no longer meet.
Take, take from me my joyful strength,
All the Gods gave, all life could give,
Oh! let me weep my eyes away!
But let me love you while I live!

THE FLY CATCHER

THE heart, alack! o' Sovereign man
Is made sae little stout
The faster love is poured therein
It faster trickles out;
'Tis as a spendthrift's purse, the more
You fill it up, the less his store:
An', yet the whole o' woman-kind,
'To entice the love o' man,
Frae dawn to dusk, frae dusk to dawn,
Are strivin' a' they can;
Both strang an' saft is aye her heart,
—It 'minds me o' a flower
Which we ha'e named the "fly-catcher,"—
Ye canna' doubt her power
To seize the insect flutterin' by
—Though muckle licht he be—
To trap a lover comes too nigh,
And ne'er to set him free.

A BALLAD

Oh! saw ye na' my bonnie luv
Cam riding thro' the toun;
Wi coat o' steel, in harness dight
Frae bonnet peak to shoon.

Oh! saw ye na' my bonnie luv
Cam riding thro' the toun;
Wi een mair blue than summer skies,
And bricht hair curling down?

I loe sae weel his cap and gluve,
And weel I loe his shoon;
But mair his gay young een I loe
And his dear curls sae broun.

Oh! gin ye saw my bonnie luv
Ride back into the toun!
Bluid, bluid was streaming on his coat!
The bluid burst thro' his shoon.

The red bluid blinded his blue een,
Dreeped sairly doun his hair,
As frae his horse he slipped, I ween
Never to ride him mair.

Oh! I may keep his coat and shoon
And a' his curls sae fair:
But oh! alas! his bonnie een
Will ne'r laugh 'til me mair.

Gae sing, gae sing, ye wanton birds,
That flit frae bough to bough!
Gae weep, gae weep, unhappy maid,
Ye'll aye be maiden now!

MY FANCY

WHERE the tender moonlight beams
 Silver gleams
Through the mellow tropic night,
Where the orange bends the branch until it
 breaks,
 And awakes
The green lizard as he sleeps upon the tree;
Where the roses faintly flush in the light,
Where rich perfumes are astray
 Far away,
And flower spirits wander free
On the balmy wings of night,
Wafted on the wings of night—
 What a flight
Through the groves of delight
 Fancy takes.

Where the slender palm trees stand
 On the sand,
Where the swelling sea-curves rise,
Where the sapphire breaker hangs, with hol-
 low walls,
 Till it falls
In a thousand drops of light upon the shore,
In a thousand sparks of flame upon the shore,

Where the curvèd conk shell lies
 And replies,
With a music faint and low,
 To the flow
Of the sea that laughs and sighs
 Ever more,
Of the sea that calls and calls
From her far off "ocean halls,"
My fancy floats and sweeps,
There it hovers, there it dies
 In the deeps.

Where the oleanders blow,
 Pink and snow,
Where the fluttering jessamine plays,
Where the blood-red lily sways,
Where the flowering air plant spreads its
 bloom and clings
 With its wings,
And the dusky sapadilloes thickly grow,
The umber sapadilloes ripely grow,
Where, throned above the town,
 Cannon frown,
And low on wind-swept sands
 The fort stands,
 Crumbling down;

There my fancy reached the shore,—
Messenger from hopes of yore,
Wanderer of the moon's lost beams,
Ghost long 'gulfed in tideless streams—
There her spirit sank to weep
On your heart, through the dreams
Of your sleep.

THE SPANISH MAIN

Oh! blue, so blue, is the Spanish Main,
A jewel vast and bright,
A sapphire, washed from shore to shore
In depths of flame and light.

The snowy foam leaps high and falls,
Blushing a rosy hue,
To dip once more its fairy wings
Within that burning blue.

And side by side the tides divide,
And green-white floods are seen
Where ocean nears the coral isles
The radiant seas between.

Ah! brighter than the fields of Heaven,
O'er which the light clouds fly—
The starry depths of magic sea
Where pearl-girt islands lie.

Like flocks of sun-warmed birds they drowse
In deep heat of the day,
The dream breath from their orange groves
Floats, light and sweet, away.

But here—our ports are fields of ice,
The land is harsh and cold,
The frozen gashes in the earth
Are livid, deep and old.

Then let me dream, once more, once more!
Dream of that glowing sea,
It brings the warmth, it brings the light
Back from the past to me.

A DREAM

I DREAMED we stood upon the road that leads
To Warwick, where the quaint old alms-
house is

Raised by the Earl of Leicester's charity—
That he might count, perhaps, a sin forgiven,
Or, 'tis more likely, buy with it the leave
Of men and Heaven to sin a little more.—
Hard by the castle turrets decked the glade,
And pleasant waters trebbled round the stones,
While high enskied St. Mary's spire looked
down—

I can remember well, when I was small,
So tall and grand it seemed, I could not gaze
Upward without a dizzy thought that I
Was falling backward, borne down by its
height,
(I dreamed, and saw these things as in a
dream),

Close to the entrance of the town the street
Climbs up, across it strides an arch
Bearing an ancient, stone-hewn chapel, starred
With jewelled windows, rich and weather set.
(I dreamed, and saw these things as in a
dream),

That storied town, the vigorous English air,

The generous promise of the country side,
All these I felt, and breathed, within my sleep,
The calm, abundant beauty of the scene;
While you stood by me, you who have been gone
For many years, how many aching years!
And so I, knowing it was but a dream,
Turned round toward you, stole my hand in
yours,
And spoke no word. Then, in the mists of
sleep,
The town, the spire, the summer fields dis-
solved,
But, till the last, I felt your hand on mine.

I HAVE SAID NOTHING YET

I HAVE said nothing yet, I have no part

Among the singers; all unknown I stand
Listing, intent, the beatings of my heart
To hear if it can sing. Ah! if, some day,
A little song should rise and wing its way

But a short distance out into the land,
Then yours would be the song and yours the
glory,
As yours have been my heart and my life's
story!

Whatever I shall be—if I be aught—

Is yours, all yours, for, like the blind, I wait
To catch the whispers of heart-spoken thought:
Echoes of harmonies unsought by those
Who champion the world and strike her blows,

I am yours only, so it is my fate
To sing what you have taught me—love and
beauty,
It is my happiest thought and sweetest duty!

WHEN WE WAKE

Love comes on wings, we feel them sweep
Across us as we lie asleep,
And then we wake—and wake to weep;
 Among our heart-strings, wandering,
We feel his tender fingers creep,
And they make music while we sleep,
 The Orphic music of the spring,
 And the Dawn's fair imagining—
But when we wake—we wake to weep!

THE BRIDGE

I BUILT a bridge of jewels to the sky
That you might follow in your thoughts, my
love,
And stand with me where birds and spirits fly
Far from the little earth they sing above.

High on the mighty arch I waited there
Far in the lonely heavens I prayed in vain;
Until my radiant bridge of jewels fair
Sank slowly with me to the earth again.

EVANESCENCE

Love is a gift to mortals given
Which makes the earth more dear than Heaven.

To you, to me, it seems to be
Stable as land, deep as the sea.

Love's like the air, 'tis everywhere!
How could we live were it not here?

But yet so soon its hour is past
Each breath it draws may be the last.

Tho' it be bright as the sunlight
It soon must fade into the night.

For like the rose, it buds, it blows,
It blooms a day and then it goes.

SONG AT TWILIGHT

Do you watch the darkening waters
Still, beloved, and feel the charm
Of the warm, pulsating twilight
Wrap you like a tender arm?

Do you see the shadows deepening
As of old, and feel them lay
Cooling hands upon your spirit
Wearied with the heat of day?

Could you find me yet beside you
Would you turn to me and rest,
Silent as a floating shadow
That had fallen on my breast?

I DARE NOT PRAISE YOU

WERE there a power in love words could reveal,
A strength to triumph over pain and raise
Eternal echoes of the things we feel,
Then, Glory's self should envy you my praise!

Alas! I dare not praise you, dare not speak
Of all the infinite things you are to me;
I must be silent, I am small and weak,
While song and love are boundless as the sea.

THE ARRIVAL

BREEZE on the meadow, rose on the lea,
Rose on the sail that drifts o'er the sea,
Song, in the twilight, wafted to me.

Hark! 'tis the keel, as it grates on the sand,
Fresh is the touch of her delicate hand,
Cool as the breath of the night o'er the land.

Riot of spring-time when summer is near!
Love of the spring-time, at last you are here!
Musical silence and exquisite fear!

THE ROSE AND THE GARDENER

A STAR was gleaming, a rose lay dreaming
And poured out her perfume to reach the star,
Till the gardener swooned where the rose beds
are.

In languor lying, the rose was dying
Her essence was scattered near and far,
But how could this carry her love to the star?

Oh! faint flower maiden, with fragrance laden,
Though you cannot float to the star-lit skies,
Your sweet leaves fall where the gardener lies!

YOURS

My light, my breath, my pulse of life are you,
I want no love, no duty not your due;
No home save yours, no kindred and no friend,
I make you my beginning and my end!

The soul is happy that for love may live,
Yet happy, too, its life for love to give,
My soul is yours—you cannot pass it by,
You shall command and I will live or die!

THE ISLAND

I DREAMED I reached an isle in which I lay and
slumbered long,
The silence wrapped me round with perfect
peace, sweeter than song!

I waked and knew that it was but a dream, wild
music swept
About me, and the tempest wailed long and the
wind wept.

Though in the storm my soul has found her
voice, my songs take wing,
Fain would she find that quiet isle where peace
and slumber cling.

HAPPINESS

Just a child I used to be,
Just a child, a child!
Laid my head upon your knee
And looked up and smiled.

Just a girl you used to meet—
Happy girl, she seemed—
Loved to sink down at your feet
Where she sat and dreamed.

Many years have passed away,
Yet, beloved, I feel
Often that I fain would stay
At your feet to kneel.

Like that child and girl, I deem
It brings peace to me,
Still to rest my head and dream,
Propped against your knee.

REMEMBRANCE

You swore you would never forget me
In the happy by-gone days,
A thousand times you swore it
In a hundred thousand ways!

Like a child that its mother rouses
No answering word I spake,
I only smiled, as I listened,
Like a child that is half awake.

Long since have you forgotten
Our love of by-gone hours;
In my heart it lives and blossoms
In a hundred thousand flowers!

THE ROSE

ONCE, in a happy hour
We pressed a little flower:
Women and flowers fade,
Yet both for joy were made—
Though it grew pale and wan
Its scent lived on,
And still you threw away
That rose to-day.

Oh, shadows of the past!
Oh, tender things outcast!
Have you still power to bless,
Ye ghosts of happiness?
You swore that rose to keep
When I was fair,
Now—you can see me weep
And never care!

THE HANDS I LOVE

1

DEAR hands I loved beside a distant sea
When first they caught my own, and held
them fast,
Strong hands that filled life's cup of joy for me
Through many blessed moments of the past,
Hands that have made of "home, sweet home,"
indeed
Oh! take mine now—your touch I need.

2

Hands that have clung to me in hours of pain,
Held mine till dawn, companioned all the
day,
I turned to feel your clasp on mine again,
You would not send me lonely on my way!
Have you grown weak to teach, to heal, to
know?
You never shall have leave to go!

3

Dear hands I loved through all the passing
years,
Familiar as the sunshine and the air,

You taught me happy laughter, sacred tears,
Beneath your gentle touch my soul lay bare.
Then, though the Sirens call and call, I know,
That I shall hold you, that you cannot go!

AS I KNEEL AT YOUR FEET

THERE is a silence warm and sweet
In which my soul becomes complete,
As I kneel at your feet.

The back shall fit the burden sent,
No past mistakes can mar content,
As I kneel at your feet.

None of your little faults can smart,
Or my old wounds disturb my heart,
As I kneel at your feet.

For still while at your feet I kneel,
Peace, perfect peace is all I feel.

TIME'S DISTRESS

THE hand that pens this song
Has grown less fair,
The eyes which guide the trembling words along
Are not so clear and bright as once they
were.

The cheek I long to press
Against your cheek
Is pale, and worn, alas! by time's distress;
My hopes but gasp—and die e'er they can
speak.

The heart alone remains,
Just as of yore—
As warm, as fresh, as full of tender pains—
But, now, you do not want it any more!

PATIENCE

MINE is the love which long lay at your feet
Learning to wait, to be more kind and sweet;
Mine is the love—though cherished still
apart—

Which laid no form of claim upon your heart,
But only sought to be itself complete.

Mine is the love that strives to cast out fear,
And dreams of joy when pain and grief are
here:

Mine is the love that watches at the gate
For your returning heart, early and late,
Mine is the love that still may draw you near.

THE PRECIOUS BURDEN

ALL the daylight lies a sorrow
Sleeping in my breast,
But it wakes when night is coming,
To destroy my rest.

Day by day drags and the night time
Passes sleepless by;
I am weary in the evening
Fain by morn to die.

If you asked: "What is this burden,
Heavy and forlorn?"
I would answer: "'Tis the sorrow
Hardest to be borne."

Yet if angels came to lift it
Gently from my heart,
I would pray them: "Take not from me
Even the smallest part."

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LOVE AND SONG

BIRDS do not always sing
Or young lambs play,
They sleep in nest and fold
At close of day.

But day and night to you
My love is told,
More song lies in my heart
Than it can hold.

BACK FROM THE WILDERNESS

WHEN your wild spirit cries,
Go where your longing hies,
Go where your pleasure lies,
Follow and roam!
Where Fancy dips and flies,
Whirling before your eyes,
Lighter than foam.

I will not love you less
For your unworthiness
When, from the wilderness,
You struggle home:
You will not love me less
For pitying your distress,
Dear, when you come.

LONG AGO

Long ago by happy waters burning with the
tropic blue,
You told me "the old, old story" that is ever
sweet and new.

Oh! you swore to love me always, to remember
evermore,
And renewed again the promise pledged a hun-
dred times before.

But no answering word I uttered and no prom-
ise dared I speak,—
Closer and closer to you pressing,—all my
words seemed vain and weak!

Long ago have you forgotten all you prom-
ised—far apart—
In my fancy, I am clinging, still in silence, to
your heart.

DREAMS

I HAVE no hope that I shall see
The splendor of my dreams fulfilled;
I have no hope that love will be
The spring of joy my thought has willed,
Yet joy that is beyond my reach,
A happiness I may not see,
A love that I have never known,
Still in my sleep whisper to me.

THE DREAM IS PAST

THE dream is past for me ; I wish to leave you
free,
And so will step aside ; I know you well and see
You clearly ; yet I will not love you less
Because of aught in you I deem to be
Unworthiness.

Nor will I love you less because you love me less ;
Would not that be in me unworthiness ?

Ah, love, you cannot understand my heart !
Go where your fancy flies, flutter and sip and
guess,

I wait apart.

Go where your longing lies, and I will keep
The fire at home and rock the babe to sleep :

My love shall never hint its grief aloud—
I'll smile to see you pass, wait till you're gone
to weep,

I am so proud.

WHEN I'M ALONE

WHEN I'm alone I feel you come so near, love,
When no one's by your hand takes up my
hand;
I almost feel your breath upon my cheek, love,
Stealing my senses from my own command;
When I'm alone.

When I'm alone I feel your lips are close, love;
They almost touch my lips; the kiss that we
Have never kissed—it comes—it comes so near,
love;
We could not help but kiss, were you with me,
But—I'm alone.

WORDS OF LOVE

To-NIGHT all the loving words I would say
Like tired birds, that have sung all day,
Have folded their wings and in silence stay.

Soon you will hear their rapture again;
Like birds that soar over meadow and plain
They will come warbling about you again.

WHEN I COME HOME

WHEN I come home, will you be glad
To look into my eyes once more;
To hear my voice repeat your name;
To feel my fingers—still the same—
And my smiles, happy, as of yore?

When I come home again, my lad,
Give me a welcome warm and sweet!
Till then—I try to live content
Without my heart, for it is sent
Forward to wait the hour we meet.

IN THE SUMMER

Oh! how happy is the Summer
When the bee is on the wing;
Wanton birds swing in the branches
While they tune their throats to sing.

Little children in the meadow
Lie upon the scented grass,
Suck the honey-sweetened clover,
Watch the lazy clouds that pass.

In the balmy, golden twilight
When the day sleeps into night,
Once I wandered with my dear one
Saw the pale stars gleam in sight.

Could we, now, alone together—
Linked by love in joy and pain—
Spend one little hour of Summer,
I would "take new heart" again.

Never more shall I behold him,
There's no answer to my prayer;
And the stars, they mock me, saying,
"Tears are water, sighs are air."

THE LOST HEART

WHERE is the love that I gave you?—

Would you but ask me again,

It would rush upward to meet you,

Out of its darkness and pain:—

Love that was strong as a giant—

Weak as an infant to-day—

Wounded, despairing and dying,

Wearing away!

Oh! had your spirit been noble,

Oh! had your soul but been great,

I could have worshiped you ever—

I had been queen of my fate,—

Or, had you sinned and clung to me,

I would have taken your part;

Only the heart that is narrow

Loses a heart!

ON LOVING

OH! love is sent in punishment
Of all our earthly sins,
But when we see that this must be
Then love's reward begins,
For half we seized upon as joy we still must
keep as pain,
Which, if we bear it patiently, may turn to
joy again.

THE LOVE THAT CAN FORGIVE

I AM weary of my sorrow, I am longing to
forget,

And to trust you as I trusted you before;
My soul is sick with grieving, and my heart is
wrung with pain,
And the very bone and marrow of me sore!

If I let you sway me always—when it helped to
your desire,—

I was bitter, I was wounded—if my pride
Left you free—I ate my heart out, late and
early;

I was grieving, night and morning, by your
side.

Till I wearied of my sorrow, till I hungered
to forget!—

How can I be ungenerous, dear, to you?—
The love that can forgive is the only love can
live,

The only love that waits and struggles
through.

So perhaps a day is coming when this pain will
leave my heart—

Like an illness, like a fever that is spent,—
Then, very weak and weary I shall creep within
your arms,
And lie upon your breast and be content.

THE LAW OF LIFE

ONCE on a time I was fresh, once I was fair—
The rose lay on my lip, the gold shone in my
hair,

And, oh, how young was my heart when first
you came;

Alas! that the years cannot leave the heart the
same.

I could see my beauty fade and bear to see,
If only our love might live to eternity.

But this is the law of life—snow on the gold,
Pallor on cheek and lip, a heart grown cold.

I waked in the dead of night, and knew the law
Lay betwixt you and me forever more!

MAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S COMPARED *

For man, perhaps, love should be fortunate;
It breaks his strength to feel that his heart
bleeds:

To be unhappie is but woman's fate,
And woman's strength is love that not suc-
ceeds;

She tastes a piercing sweet in fond despare,
Her thoughts grow holier and her soul more
fair.

* Imitation of Elizabethan poets.

TO THE POETS

YOUR sweetest, freshest fancies
Transplanted to my heart,
Like vines around a ruined urn,
Bind up each broken part,
But, fancy sick, I close the book,
Ah me! the blossom dies,
As if a hand cut down the vines,
Shattered the frail vase lies.

BID ME TO TRUST

Bid me to trust you, I will trust
Forever and a day;
Deceive, forsake, forget me quite,
I still will trust away.

Bid me to leave you, I will go—
Bid me return anon,
I will come proudly, like a queen
New crowned, her state to don.

Bid me to praise you, I will write
Until my pen shall raise
A monument of deathless song
In honour of your days.

Bid me to love you, I will love
While I have strength to last,
Till, having spent my life for you,
I will live o'er the past.

THE POET'S SONG

THE poet's song once breathed in air,
I know goes on and on, somewhere;
Mounts, like a bird, through currents new,
Beneath the endless dome of blue;
While its last echoes cease to float
 To the World's ear,
Perchance the Gods may list the note,
 When men no longer hear.

Though buried æons deep he lies
The poet's rapture never dies!
In ages past the poet's song
Had wings to bear his thoughts along,
His vocal passion and its fire
 Compassed the sky,
And then men said the Orphic lyre
 Was set on high.

A WISH

I ONLY want a friend who cares to stay
When all the rest have gone away;
I only want some one with whom to ride
Afar, where all the woods and ways divide:
I only want a hand my hand to hold
While you count ten, and then
To let it go again!
I would not have a lover be too bold!

I only want some one to take my part,
I only want to find a loyal heart,
I only want a friend to stand by me—
It is so cold to agree to disagree—
I only want a hand my hand to hold—
While you count twenty
Indeed is plenty—
I would not have a lover be too bold!

I only want some one who loves me well—
But this I want more than I care to tell—
I want a kindly will of large design
To keep, to lead this wayward heart of mine;
I only want a heart my heart to hold,
To guide, yet seem to be
Guided by me—
I would not have a lover be too bold!

TALKING

THERE are lots of tiresome people, whom you
never want to meet

(Though you always run across them as you're
hurrying down the street);

They are so fond of talking that you can't get
in a word;

No matter how you raise your voice, you know
you won't be heard!

I hate a woman who talks much—she makes
herself a bore—

I always head her off with: "Yes, I knew all
that before."

Though I must say I like to talk myself, those
people who

Keep talking when you want to talk I can't
abide, can you?

Well, we've talked so much of talking that I'm
sure I've quite forgot

What I was just about to say, a pity, is it not?
And so you're in a hurry, too, but I'll remem-
ber when

I can remember what it was, to stop and tell
you then.

?

Do you know this love—
So wrong to feel, so dear to tell, so hard to
 prove—
Ah! do you know this mad-cap love?

It came in an instant, it lived but a day,
Yet it lay in a heart where my true love should
 stay,
Though the heart was ashamed that it found
 him away.

Do you know this love—
So sweet to feel (I need not tell, there's naught
 to prove)—
Oh! do you know this wicked love?

It died in an instant, it lived but a day
For my true love came back and I turned it
 away,
And he knows not my heart has been glad of
 its stay.

THE SPIRIT LADY

EVERY husband, in a dwelling which no wife
could ever share,
Hidden close for secret comfort, cherishes a
lady fair.

Varied charms and kindly virtues, loving hearts
and hair of gold,
If pertaining to their spouses, often leave our
husbands cold.

In their secret thoughts a woman, more ador-
ing, cleverer too,
Worships them and understands them, and ap-
proves all that they do.

In his secret thoughts your husband, unim-
aginative wife,
Is a wonderfully fine fellow,—he has known it
all his life.

If the dull world has not seen it, there is one
he longs to meet
Who will rapturously proclaim it, and his heart
is at her feet.

Oft, in blessèd dreams, she seeks him, comes, as
Egypt's queen of old
Came to Cæsar, in her passion—splendidly, su-
perbly bold.

Shadowy tresses sweep his pillow, and a glow-
ing warmth there slips
Through his dreaming veins, creating phan-
tom kisses on his lips.

Delicate alchemy of fancy, this new queen can
come, it seems,
Ever young and ever maiden, to this sacrament
of dreams.

In the crucible mysterious, burning through
the passing years,
Something more than gold is sought for, some-
thing more than gold appears.

.

If you are a virtuous husband, or a bachelor
with—friends,
You need some one for your sorrows, frequently,
to make amends.

Though the woman you have married still is
fair and gentle too,
None the less your fancy wanders, ever seeking
something new:

Till you find your "spirit-lady" many an
earthly form can take,
Not in dreams alone she meets you, she will
come when you're awake:

You may often run across her in another fel-
low's wife,
You will find her, you will lose her, sure to do
so, all your life.

When you lose her—though so lonely, sick of
all things—yet, plod on,
She will meet you in a moment, she was never
really gone.

For her charm is, though she leaves you for a
little time in pain,
That, whatever else eludes you, she is sure to
come again.

Tell me, fair ones, are you jealous of the lady
whom I sing?

Why! she is but froth and fancy, only a fragile,
gossamer thing:

Only an essence, only a spirit, only a hope and
an ideal,

Only a pretty, fond illusion, only anything
save real!

A PRAYER

I PASSED from the toil of the city
And wandered alone once more
Where the track lay dim behind me
And the moon led on before.

Through fresh and fragrant meadows,
'Mid sleeping flowers I came,
And I rested my weary spirit
And soothed my grief and shame.

The silence lay deep around me,
Sweet as the dew on the night,
Till I came where the sea was shining
And bathed myself in the light.

I washed my soul and my body
I dipped them in the sea,
Until they were clean and ready
For your soul to visit me.

And now my thoughts are waiting—
I am pure as a little child—
My spirit leans to your spirit
And our hearts are reconciled.

I shall be evil to-morrow,
Yet to-night I pray you come,
Come ere the torture takes me
And my lips again are dumb.

Oh! come to me from Heaven,
Oh, pity me! draw me near!
Let me believe you have saved me!
Let me pretend you are here!

THE POISON

You put a poison in my blood,
A poison in my mind,
Till all my hours were bitter hours—
Even when you were kind.

And aching, aching in my heart
A wicked thought is laid,
A thought hot as a mortal wound
Made by an evil blade.

My soul bleeds deep and I am faint,
'Tis late,—I long for rest,—
I long to lay my weary head
Awhile upon your breast.

Still, take me, take me in your arms,
For fain, fain would I be
Nearer you, though I fear that pain
May pass to you from me.

Still, take me, take me in your arms,
I am too tired to sleep,
Too hopeless to be comforted,
Too broken even to weep.

This hour, which should have been so sweet,
To me it comes in vain;
Alas! my faith, my happy pride
Will never come again!

LOVE'S FAILURE

Love came to me on a shaft of light
That fell in a silent glade,
And his wings swept us from the ground,
Where the sun poured through the shade.

But somewhere in the airy heights
He cried to me, in pain,
"I have flown too fast!" and so we sank
Till we touched the earth again.

And now, alas! Love cannot fly,
We wander a twilight land,
And he is afraid, and so am I,
Though he leads me by the hand.

Through the thick mists he guides me on,
Though my soul in terror pleads;
I go with faltering steps, but still
I follow where he leads.

For sometimes he will let me lay
My head upon his breast
Then—with smooth fingers close my eyes—
And bid me sleep and rest.

There, like a weary child, I lie,
Who, weeping, falls asleep:
I dream and smile, and, when I wake,
Forget a while to weep!

REMEMBRANCE

'THOUGH to remember suffering wrings the
heart,

Who would forget?

What generous lover ever grudged the smart
Of true love yet?

Though our hopes fade away, sweet memories
Enshrine above

The disillusion of our daily life

Our holiest love;

The shrine atones for all we failed in, all

We sought in vain,

We kneel before it and we find

Joy even in pain.

COMPENSATION

THOUGH not for me success shall wait,
And though I stand outside the gate
Flung wide for conquerors of fate—
It makes me proud to see a man succeed!
Through all my blood a stalwart deed,
A noble word, kindles a flame,—
That deed, that word seem glories lent
To my own soul—and heaven-sent;—
Glad am I to be watcher of the game
And see upon the shining lists of fame
Another splendid name.
Though less and less my beauty grows,
And passes like the scent, the colour of the
 rose,
It is a joy to see fresh beauty blows,
Fair cheeks and sunny hair and radiant eyes
Pass by to teach me beauty never dies.
Though love is not all I dreamed love would be,
I know the fault is not in love, but me,
For still my fancy paints what love should be!
I, who alas, have never reached my aim,
Seen love and beauty fade and others win the
 game,
May surely still rejoice to breathe the air

That heroes breathe, to watch the rose lay
bare

Her fair and glowing breast beneath the sun,
To know high hearts still beat, glory may still
be won!

UNDEFEATED

THEY come once more, the sweet, familiar mus-
ings,
Fresh with new life, like flowers more fair
from rain,
Sparkling and springing! My blind eyes were
aching,
A touch has healed them and I see again.

They come once more, the old, the deep en-
chantments,
The strength that grows and the lost song's
refrain;
My thoughts were listless and my hopes were
sleeping,
A word has waked them and power comes
again.

They come once more—love and it's fond out-
pouring,
Abounding trust, patience in bearing pain,
My helm was broken and my barque was drift-
ing
But now it bounds beneath my hand again.

Fallen to rise, dragged backward and urged
forward,

Toward the glorious light! Ah, not in vain
The spirit in me ever struggles upward,
Until it soars toward the sun again.

IN DAYS TO COME

Rondeau

IN days to come, when I shall lie
With earth between me and the sky,
Love will pass by beneath the blue,
Sorrow will come, and pass me too,
Peace will my tears indemnify.

The anguish that hopes glorify,
Beliefs that tests must crucify—
I shall not heed when they pursue,
In days to come.

I shall not seek to justify
My love, my tears, then, no, or try
To prop a crumbling faith anew;—
But now, dear, let me trust in you!
There's time to put the folly by
In days to come.

WITH SOME VERSES

THE verses penned by a dead hand
May one day seem to you
More sweet and sacred than the work
My living hand can do.

But still, despite the fact they then
Might gain in value, I
Still hope that they may touch your heart
Sometime before I die.

BEATEN?

BROKEN and beaten and stumbling—I struggle
to hold in view
The splendid and beautiful things that I always
meant to do;—
Though it be proved at last to the hilt, and
hammered into me,
That the things I set my heart upon are the
things that can never be,
As long as the game is going on I can't stand
out and rest;
I've never felt the love of the game grow cold
within my breast,
For the game is worth the playing just for the
sake of the fight—
Whether you win or lose it—if you play it with
all your might.
And what indeed does it matter, if only we do
not shirk
The work we take in hand to do, what we are
paid for the work?

LET ME SLEEP

I AM tired of all the dreary present,
Weary of my weakness and my pain,
Yet they never leave me, I forever
Weary of my weariness in vain!

I am tired of thinking of the future,
I am sick of hopes that are deferred,
If there still is hope for me to cling to
In my soul its breathing is not heard.

Though the past was happy for a moment
Which for years I dreamed of, yet, at last,
Without present joy or future promise
I am tired of thinking of the past.

Shut the gates of silence in the darkness,—
There are no more tears that I can weep,
But the night is sweet and cool the pillow;
I am very weary, let me sleep!

THE SPRING

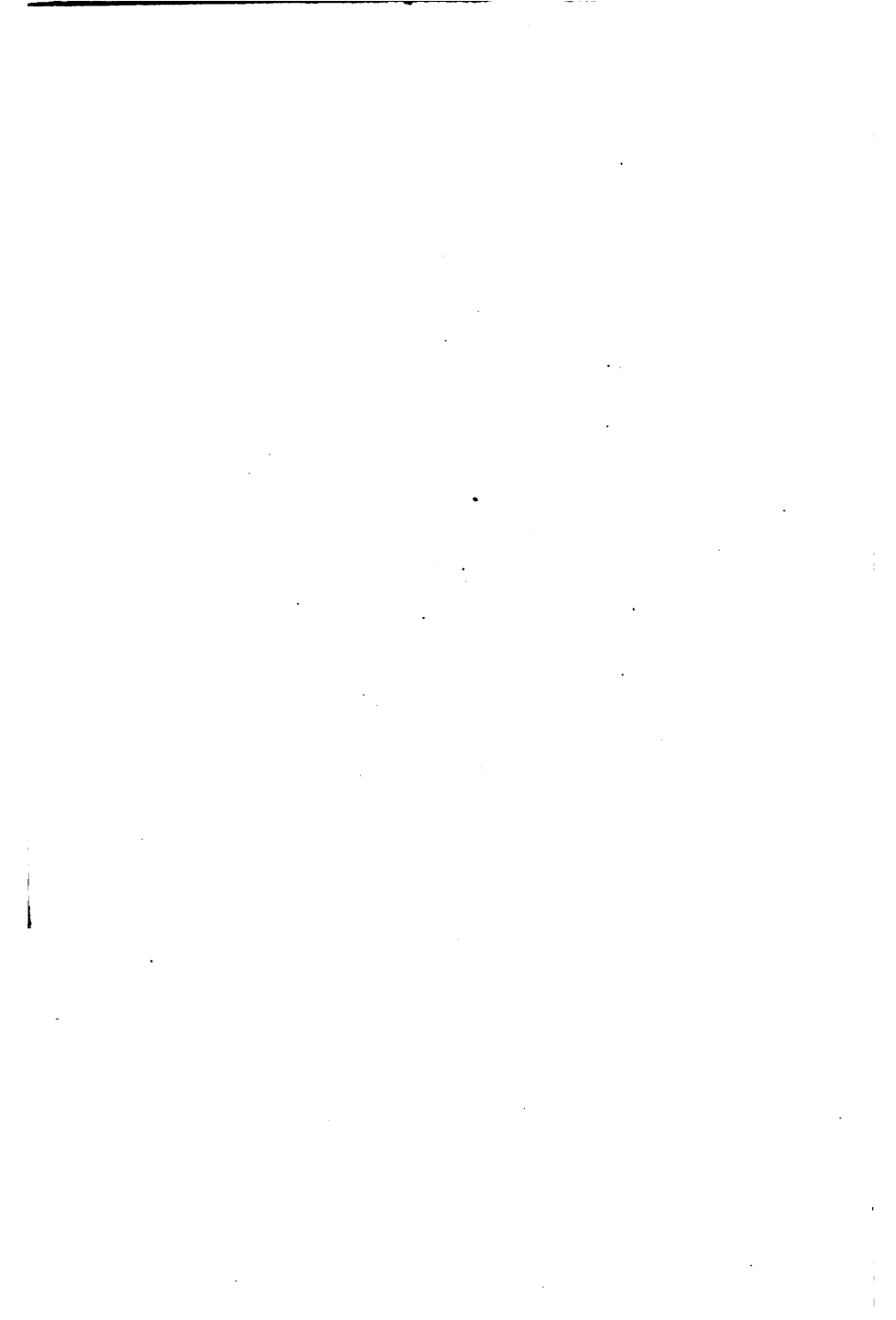
I HEAR the rippling voice of the young Spring,
To me she calls and calls,
Her blossoms seem almost upon the wing,
Her golden greens flutter and dance and sway,
Her freshness is so exquisitely gay,
Innumerable birds trill forth her madrigals!

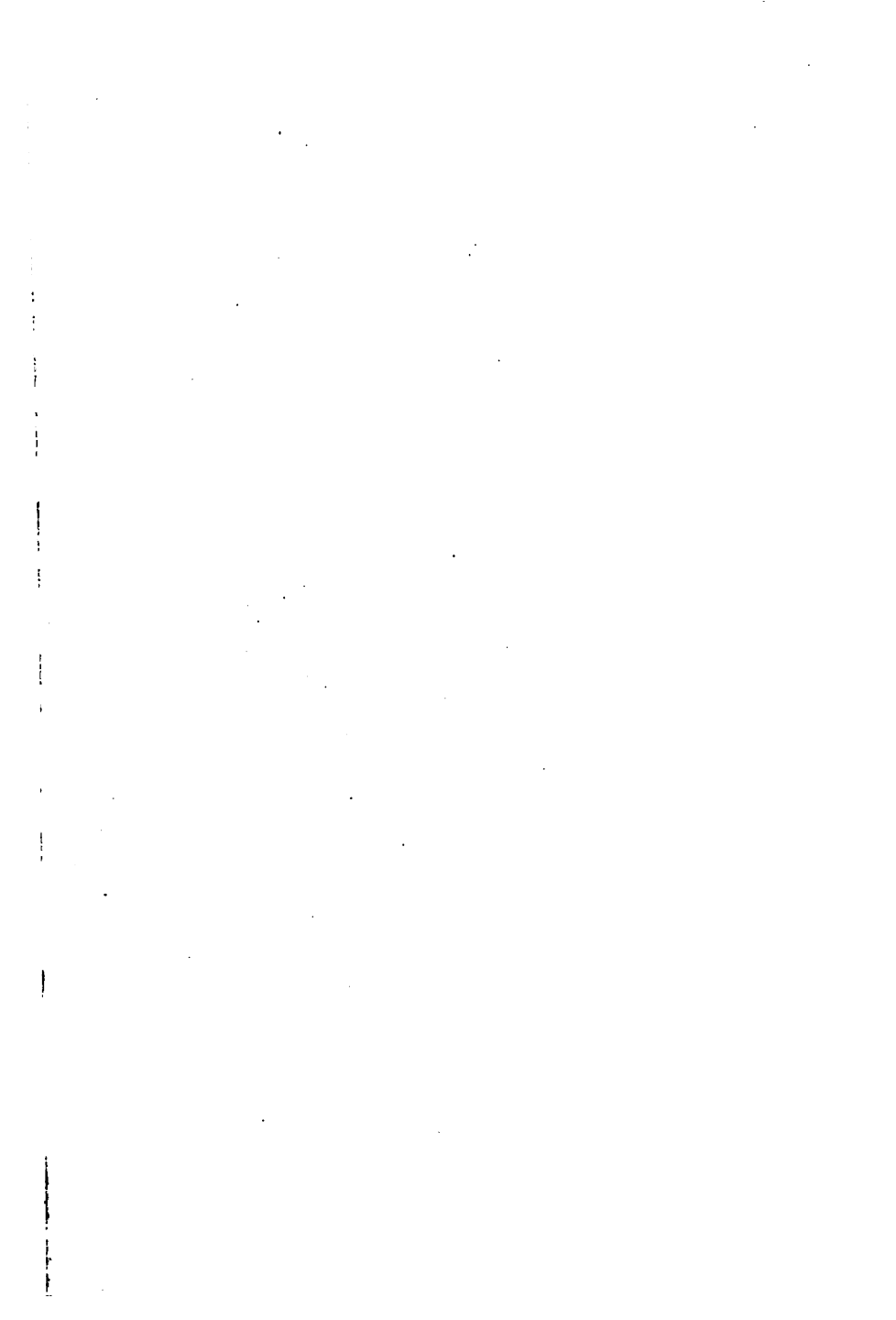
While I grow old she comes and comes again—
Always more fair is she—
She lifts my heart, she charms away my pain,
She will not let me mourn what has gone by;
Lost dreams, past joys, beliefs that I saw die,
She takes them in her hands and brings them
back to me.

Thanks be to God, who deals me care and grief,
Each year He sends His Spring to my relief.

MORNING AND EVENING

THE thoughts of youth are like the dawn,
Which floods the sky with light,
The thoughts of age are comforted with stars
And silence of the night;
The deeds of youth are lusty as the morn
And noisy as the day,
Men cease from doing when the sun has gone,
When all the world turns grey;
Awhile the West is spread with golden bars
Across a violet way:
Unto the coming day the thoughts of youth are
drawn,
But thoughts of age kneel in the dusk and
pray.





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